

Baptist Record

J. B. GAMBRELL,
M. T. GAMBRELL,
W. S. PENICK,
CLINTON, MISS.

Thursday, Nov. 12, 1885

Editorial.

Receipts—Henceforth, subscribers will find their receipt folded in their paper. Please preserve for reference.

Minutes of Southern Baptist Convention.

I have in my possession a lot of the above minutes. It costs four cents to mail them. Any one wishing a copy and sending the requisite stamps, will receive a copy. I cannot mail them at my expense.

J. B. GAMBRELL.

ASSOCIATION MINUTES

We have employed a competent foreman to take charge of the Baptist Record Job Office, and he will print Association Minutes neatly and cheaply. Clerks will please write for our terms before letting out their work. Those favoring this office with their work will be materially helping their paper.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Thank God for Brother Hall's Temperance sermon.—P. Watt Lamer.

My churches will do their part in the Convention work.—L. E. Hall.

Maj. Penn is in Scotland, where he is to spend some time in gospel work.

Correspondents will henceforth address Elder G. M. Harrell at Mt. Lebanon, instead of Keachi.

The Enterprise church is doing splendidly, I think. We have a revival every month.—L. E. Hall.

We regret to learn from the Texas Baptist that Elder Eoff, of Texas, is dead. He was a man of good promise.

The Arkansas Evangel says the late Arkansas Convention was a unit in their State paper, which we wanted to see.

We rejoice with our beloved brother, J. J. Carter, of French Camp, over the accession of his little daughter to the church.

Show me one who does not care much about the law of God, and I will show you a man who does not love God much.—E. B. Miller, in sermon.

Pastor Miller, of Grenada, is aiding Pastor Edwards, of Oxford, in a meeting. We heard him preach two good sermons Sunday. There were some signs of good when we left.

Elder W. C. Lattimore is to prepare a paper for the missionary society of the Seminary on the Mississippi Valley as a missionary field. Send that paper to this office, Bro. Lattimore.

Brethren, sisters, let us as Christians men and women decide what we ought to do for the cause of Christ, and then do it, do it willingly, do it heartily, do it promptly.—Western Recorder.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon was recently called upon to address an audience of 900 London bankers, and also to preach before the Corn Exchange at Cambridge.—Texas Baptist Herald.

Our church has pledged to pay its part of the amount apportioned to the Louisville Association by the State Board, one-half of which we expect to raise first Sabbath, in January.—J. J. Carter.

Brother Bates, Doyle, La. You may look for clear discussion of the doctrine of atonement in the Record this winter. We intend to see that it is fully presented from a Scriptural standpoint.

The phrase "born of water and of the Spirit," in verse fifth, is explanatory of "born from above," in verse sixth, rather than a separate proposition, and can refer to baptism only in a figurative sense, if at all.—Arkansas Evangel.

Was wonderfully pleased with extract from Brother L. E. Hall's sermon. Hope such may find place in Record. There needs to be much said and more done in favor of Prohibition. I hope all Christians will bear themselves on the subject.—H. A. McFarland.

The General Association, at its late meeting appointed Elder F. D. Baars agent to visit the churches and solicit for their Sylvanville High-school. They have done the sensible and proper thing, and we beg the brethren to receive Brother Baars as a brother, and help him in his noble work.

In the Record of the 8th inst., under Queries, is "Have we any baptisms of the Holy Ghost now?"—G. W. Knight. "We have no baptisms of the Holy Ghost, and fire, now?" answer in part. Why were the words "and fire" added? When, according to the New Testament, was there a baptism of fire? If there never has been such a baptism, there never will be, and when? If there has been, who were its recipients, and when?—J. H. Whitfield.

We added "fire" to guard against a common Peto-Baptist error. That is all.—Editor.

Brother Ray, of the Baptist Flag, is discussing with Dr. J. Ditzler. We would not. Really is it not time to stop and see where the good of discussing with such men comes in. We have noticed the discussions long, but the good has not yet appeared to our view.

That is likely the truth on that much expected passage.

Pastor Eager, of St. Francis Street Baptist church, for the purpose of more effective work, has organized various working bands.—Baptist Union.

No pastor will ever bring out the full force of his people unless he organize working bands. The woman should have their mission society the children theirs, etc. Spurgeon says he could never do anything with his vast charge, if he did not organize. Think of it, pastors.

We once heard a young man in a Congregational Association argue that because a certain prominent Biblical doctrine is assailed and with special violence in our day, we should "write it from our creeds, and our preaching!"—(Hartford Religious Herald.)

Yes, and there are some within our knowledge who are doing this very thing at this very time. The Index protests.—Christian Index.

We would prefer, a thousand to one, to retire such preachers.

Prayer is as much a law of our nation as the palpitation of hearts. Men in trouble always did and always will pray.—E. B. Miller, in sermon.

Some Journal, in noticing a life of Arnold of Brescia, says: "Baptist writers claim him as one of the forerunners of their faith; the denial of infant baptism being among the charges against him at the Lateran Council of 1130." To all people, be it known, that Baptists consider that their faith was handed down to them from the Lord Jesus Christ and His apostles, and that the only "forerunner" whom they acknowledge is a man sent from God, whose name was John. As to Arnold of Brescia, from what we read of him, we are not ashamed to call him brother, nor to join his goodly fellowship.—The Watchman.

Very good, Brother Watchman, we will join you in that goodly fellowship.

When in one memorable year, 1620, a Dutch vessel entered the James River with a small cargo of African slaves and the Mayflower landed at Plymouth a company of seekers after liberty, the prime conditions were established for one of the most tremendous conflicts that the world has ever seen.

Thus opens most unpropitiously Mr. Cassiter Johnson's much advertised article on the "War of Secession" in The Examiner. That Mayflower cargo knew nothing of real liberty. The liberty they liked was to worship God according to their own consciences and make everybody else do so too.

And there was the sin of kidnapping Africans in their native land and bringing them hither to make them slaves. Mr. Johnson should write historical truth as he goes along.

A CALL TO PRAYER.

So great is the present and prospective demand for laborers in the home and foreign fields, as pastors and missionaries, and so inadequate is the spirit of liberality to support even those already called, that the Convention Board, at its meeting, November 5th, felt constrained to pass the following resolution:

At a meeting of the Convention Board of the Mississippi Baptist State Convention, held at Jackson Nov. 5th, on motion the following resolution was adopted: "The Convention Board being deeply sensible of the great needs of our field, both as to laborers and liberality, do earnestly recommend to the churches throughout our State to hold special services on the first Sabbath in December, or as soon thereafter as possible, to pray for more laborers and an increased spirit of liberality among our people."

H. F. SPIROLES, Pres't.

In laying this resolution before the brotherhood, we are moved to ask that they will lift up their eyes and behold the wailing host of souls waiting only for God called reapers, sent and supported by the churches.

The need is very urgent on the home field. Many of our ablest preachers have gone to fill important positions in other States. We bid them God speed and rejoice in their labors abroad; but we need others to assist in the up-building of our beloved State. Then it must be apparent to all that the old veterans are rapidly failing some, and many others going to their reward on high. To still more increase the stringency some of the churches which used to have preaching once a month now wisely have it twice, others every Sunday, thus taking more of the time of our best preachers. It is apparent to those who have carefully over-looked the field that without an increase of laborers, we cannot hold our own at home. Is this not cause for very deep concern on the part of all who are interested for the future of this cause in our midst?

But when we look outside our own home territory to the regions beyond, how great the necessity for a mighty company of reapers where there is now not a soul to trust in the sickle, or only here and there a lone worker at intervals so great that they never see each other's faces or feel the inspiration of brotherly counsel. It is, indeed, pitiable; a few lonely men and women struggling with the darkness of China with her 400,000,000 souls; fewer still lifting up the lamp of divine truth along the borders of Africa, Mexico, touching hand with us, yet scarcely touched by the preachers of Jesus—a bare half dozen where a full hundred are urgently needed. Then looking South, there is Central America and South America with the nations given up to the darkness of semi-pagan Romanism—not a gospel preacher in all that vast region, except a very few in Brazil. Right at our own door is beautiful Cuba, with her 3,000,000 souls in chains of Papal darkness. What shall become of these people? Yes, what shall become of us if we hold back when God opens the door and invites us to enter such fields of glorious service? Will not his displeasure with our churches and pronouncement on us the curse of Merod? It surely cannot be that we are to perpetually cling to our native shores and never go out in earnest to win the nations to Christ. There is need now of scores of our strongest young men and women to be, at least in school, preparing for consecrated service in foreign fields.

Great as is the need at home and abroad for more laborers, the spirit of increased liberality is quite as much needed. Indeed, God's goodness in calling laborers is manifestly in advance of our liberality in supporting them. This very day chosen men of God, equipped in mind and heart, linger on our shore because the Foreign Board has not the means to send them forth. And many a fair field in our own State lies waste because of a paltry debt against the State Mission department of our work, which for years has prevented enlargement. Thus are we cut short in our efforts to give the Gospel to our own kindred.

We scarcely have heart to speak of the colored people among us, who need and are more than ever anxious to receive from their more favored brethren, instruction in divine things. Looking at all these things we are pressed in spirit. What shall we do? God is the refuge of His people. It is His will to call out those whom He will have to go forth as His ambassadors. Christ, our Master, has taught us to pray for more laborers. This is clearly then our duty and our privilege. Let us betake ourselves earnestly to prayer in this time of need. And when we pray, let us, in all sincerity, offer ourselves, our children and our means for the furtherance of the gospel.

Those words will come under the notice of many praying people. May the spirit of supplication come upon all, that the matters herein urged may be presented acceptably before God in their private devotions, around their family altars, and in the congregations of the saints. We earnestly entreat the pastors to bring the matter before their churches according to the request of the Board, either by reading this address or making a personal statement, to be followed in either case by prayer. In behalf of the Board,

J. B. GAMBRELL, Sec'y.

DOUGLAS MAGAZINE for October, is unusually full of good things in its line—pretty engravings and illustrations, embroidery hints, etc. The paper on Decorative Art takes Bronze for its theme, and is interesting and instructive. "Oa Being a Guest," should be read by every young lady and school girl. Send one dollar to Laura B. Starr, editor Douglas Magazine, New York City, and you will say at the end of a year you have received far more than the worth of your money.

We would call special and prayerful attention to the appeal of our Bible Secretary, Dr. C. C. Bittling. Many Baptists, though realizing the preciousness of having the printed Word in their homes, do not feel enough pity for those who have it not to contribute even one dime to ensure the free distribution of God's word. This inactivity in a good cause is due to want of thought, rather than want of heart. Let every reader of the Record ask himself the question: "How would I like to be without a Bible?" and then let them show their estimation of the Bible by a contribution to the Bible Department of their Publication Society.

Every friend to this paper should look more to increasing its subscription list. It would be easy to double its list this winter, if a proper effort were made. Shall it not be done? What a mighty force it would be, if the Baptists of Louisiana and Mississippi only did their full duty by it.

LOUISIANA NOTES.

Elder J. R. Edwards, of Downs, writes: "We are getting along finely here. Our Sunday-school is doing splendidly. Prayer-meetings good. The church has called me for half my time next year. Fellowship will take the other half, I think. The two promise me a support. I think the work is prospering in my field. We have set our mark higher."

Multum in parvo! "Sunday-school doing splendidly, prayer-meetings good."

We don't wonder that "the work is prospering" in such a field. Pastors and churches must feed the lambs if they would have well-grown, fat sheep. A church without a Sunday-school and prayer-meeting is far behind the times. It is a giant asleep—and oh! how many sleeping giants we have! Let our motto be "A Sunday-school and a prayer-meeting in every church." Do I hear some brother pastor say we can't have them, while we have preaching only once a month? Yes, you can, my brother. Just get two or three good sisters to say they will have a Sunday-school, and that they will stick to it, if there are only half-a-dozen children, and they will shame the brethren into helping.

What about the prayer-meeting? Well, if it is out of the question to have such a meeting during the week, have one every time you preach, beginning an hour before the service of preaching. But surely when there are enough people to organize a church, there ought to be enough to band together to hold prayer-meetings from house to house, and thus keep up the communion of the saints.

It may be, brother pastors, you have not tried right hard to get your people to see the importance of these two services. Let me beg you, to preach, talk, pray, and work for a Sunday-school, and prayer-meeting in each of your churches. Don't let the brethren talk you out of it. If they will not hear you, go to the sisters; they will help you.

You haven't hymn books? Well, you can't get along very well, without them. "The Gem of Gems" for Sunday-schools, published by A. A. Hall, is the best and newest book I know of, and the "Baptist Hymnal," published by the Baptist Publication Society is the best and cheapest book for church and prayer-meeting. The Gem of Gems is \$3.00 per dozen, and the "Baptist Hymnal" with music is \$1.25, and without music is sixty-five cents. Both can be obtained from Brother Gambrell. Hymn books are great helps to pastors. Get your people to furnish themselves, and their children.

"The church has called me for half my time." Now, my brother, be sure to give them half your time. Our churches call for one-fourth or one-half of a pastor's time, and how few of our pastors when they accept the offer, do give one-fourth or one-half their time! They go on Saturday and preach and hold church conference, stay with some member, (and often the same member every time) all night, go to church, preach a sermon, dine with another member sometimes, stay Sunday night, and leave for home Monday morning, and this is the last that congregation see of their pastor for a long time.

This, they call giving one-fourth of their time. Are they surprised at the end of the year to find that the church has not paid what it promised? They ought not to be, for they have not performed their part of the contract, and how can they expect the church to perform its part. We have great confidence in the churches, and verily believe that no pastor ever did his duty who did not receive his whole salary and more, in a few days ago, a small package with these words: "A party handed me this and told me to read the address and hand it to the one to whom it was directed." Imagine my grateful surprise when I opened it, to find eighteen dollars. There was not a scrap of a pen or pencil to inform me to whom I was indebted for the timely gift. May the Lord, who knows, reward the giver according to His wisdom and mercy!

Here is more than a cup of cold water given to a disciple because he is a disciple.

We have a dear friend in old Virginia, who delivers a splendid lecture, the title of which is, "See in the pulpit, and who put it there." Since we heard that lecture, we have often thought, that we would like to hear its counterpart discussed—"Fire in the pulpit, and who put it there." But it would take greater research and profounder skill to do this, because those who fire the pulpit do not generally let their right know what their left hand doeth.

We will venture the assertion that this act of an unknown hand not only made a rift through which a ray of sunshine got into the pastor's home and gladdened

and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience, the race that is set before us, "Looking unto Jesus" (that is setting the mark high) "the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God." Our Savior set the mark high. The joy was before Him, the mark was a seat at God's right hand! He could endure anything in order to reach that mark. He reached it and "is set down."

"Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." He "is set down at the right hand of the throne of God," but He reached that high mark by patient endurance—the way of the cross—through the grave! There is no other way to it. We must die in order to live. This is a deep and mighty truth. Paul said, "I die daily." Jesus said: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it beareth much fruit." There must be the hidden life before there can be the visible life. There must be the lower life, before there can be the higher life. The growth of the Christian is not mechanical, but organic. Our life is hid with Christ in God. To your closets, to your neglected closets! O ye disciples of our Lord!

Brother W. M. Reese, of Mt. Lebanon College, writes: "I have secured the services of Sister M. E. Paxton for our primary department. I have now, I think, an excellent faculty. I have been moving slowly and cautiously in this matter. I asked the Lord to provide me with teachers, faithful devoted, consecrated Christian teachers—such as would do acceptable work for Him. I believe He has granted my petition, and has sent these tried and faithful soldiers of the cross to aid me, and to push forward this great work. I feel greatly encouraged."

This, it seems to us, is the way to go about any great enterprise. The friends of Mt. Lebanon are to be congratulated that they have a man at the head of their school, who seeks counsel of the Lord. We feel that we can trust our sons and daughters to the care of such educators. We congratulate Bro. Reese and his patrons on the accession to his faculty of such a capable and excellent lady as Mrs. Paxton, and such an efficient and godly man as Rev. G. M. Harrell. Success to Mt. Lebanon!

A private letter from Rev. W. M. Alfred, of Keachi, contains the following:

"On last Saturday we were delighted to shake the hand of our former pastor, and worthy secretary, C. W. Tomkins. How I am anxious to see the brethren and sisters of his former charge gather around him with smiles and good words! Brother Tomkins is looking well, and we believe doing well. He is greatly encouraged in his work. I think he is making it a success. We are not surprised at this. We have never known him to fail. There was no better pastor than our beloved Charlie Tomkins—as one of his former charge wrote me, 'he is pure gold.' 'Come to Keachi and you will see how much we miss him.' But you know, Brother Alfred, that the past success of Brother Tomkins recommended him to our Executive Board. We didn't want a man, that had ever failed, nor did we want a man that nobody else wanted. A man that succeeds in the pastorate will be likely to succeed as our Corresponding Secretary."

Brother Alfred will pardon us, too, for making a note of another statement in his letter, because we want to use it. He says, "Mr. Tomkins, whose wife is a leading Baptist of this town, handed me a few days ago, a small package with these words: 'A party handed me this and told me to read the address and hand it to the one to whom it was directed.' Imagine my grateful surprise when I opened it, to find eighteen dollars. There was not a scrap of a pen or pencil to inform me to whom I was indebted for the timely gift. May the Lord, who knows, reward the giver according to His wisdom and mercy!"

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its fire side, but that it put some warmth into the pulpit that pastor occupied the next Sunday.

Brethren, put fire into the pulpit, a d sunshine into your pastors' homes all over Louisiana.

Rev. D. H. Bart reads us the following:

"Owing to severe personal affliction, I have been unable to meet some of my churches for some time, hence, I have not had an opportunity to take the collection for State Missions, but so soon as I am able, I will with pleasure, attend to this important matter. I pray God to aid in every effort to advance this noble work. God bless you and Brother Tomkins. He is the right man in the right place." We thank you, Brother Bart, and pray that your health may soon be restored. Let us hear from you often.

Many hearts all over our State will be grieved to learn that our Secretary, Brother Tomkins, is detained at home by the severe illness of one of his children. He will have our prayers in his affliction.

Did you read Dr. Courtney's fine article in the last Record? If not hunt it up and read it carefully, it will repay you.

Brethren, send us news from the field. If you haven't time to write a long article, just dot it down on a postal and send it to us. Let us know what is going on all over Louisiana among the churches.

We have heard good things from the field of Brother T. B. Harrell; why don't you send us the good news, Brother Tommie?

November is passing away, brethren, remember the collection for State Missions. Help your pastors to get it up, and forward as soon as possible, to George A. Turner, Treasurer. If the churches have anything on hand for our ministerial students, let them send it on. Our boys need it, and they must have it. We have three fine young men at Clinton, Miss., and one or two at Mt. Lebanon. Let us take care of our young preachers, we need them.

PROGRESS.

Not the most ardent friend of prohibition ever lived, that there would be a universal adherence to prohibition laws when enacted. The lawless spirit of the traffic is too well understood. It will be well if the same measure of success attends prohibitory as other laws against crime. We clip the following from the Kansas correspondent of the Pieneyan:

Prohibition in Topeka, and elsewhere in Kansas, means simply that if one wants whisky one goes to a drug store, signs an application, vulgarly termed a "death warrant," and gets the necessary quantity without more ado. There is considerable illicit dram selling as well. The system is not effective. The Prohibition question is productive of much mischief in both parties in Kansas politics. Yet I should judge that most Kansans are desirous of prohibiting the sale of intoxicants.

It is something that liquor selling has been driven into the dark and put under the ban along with other crimes. Ancient writers tell us that in the profigate days of Rome and Athens, the most revolting crimes against decency were committed openly on the streets. We are thankful that it is not so in our day, yet those crimes are committed, sometimes behind very thin screens. It is well that the law is against them. The educating force will be in the right direction.

As to the evil done the parties, we have been taking care of the parties a long time, let us now take care of the country awhile. We note progress.

ENIGMA AND LAURA: OR, THE RIGHT USE OF PRAYER.—By Kate Neely Hill. 12mo., 320 p.p. Price \$1.25. Philadelphia—American Baptist Publication Society.

A bright and very instructive narrative; the scene laid mainly in one of the pleasant northern summer resorts. Enigma was the young daughter of pious parents in that region, and Laura a bright, intelligent and active girl about the same age as Enigma, the daughter of one of the summer boarders from New York. The story shows how much mischief a silly, vain, coquettish little girl may do to those of her own age that she finds in the country, and how much real and healthful stimulus a well bred and sensible little girl like Laura may impart. The lesson in regard to prayer comes out clear and distinct in the progress of the narrative.

We beg all our readers to carefully consider "Louisiana Notes" this week, and lay to heart what is therein contained. It is just as good for Mississippi Baptists as Louisiana.

Renew, brethren, before we are compelled to drop your name. The paper needs you and you need it.

Subscribes for the Record.

MISSION DEPARTMENT.

CONVENTION BOARD, LOCATED AT JACKSON, MISS.

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W. D. RATLIFF, Sec'y.
R. W. GRIFFITH, Treasurer.
J. B. GAMBRELL, Cor. Sec'y.

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M. C. Cole, New Orleans.
Mrs. Kate Goodrich, Oxford.
Mrs. M. Anne W. Phillips, Meridian.

NOTE.—A CONTRIBUTION FROM EVERY MEMBER OF EVERY CHURCH TO EVERY OBJECT FOSTERED BY THE CONVENTION.

DIRECTIONS.
Send all contributions for State, Foreign and Home Missions, Mississippi College, Ministerial Education, and Support of Agents, to R. W. GRIFFITH, Jackson, Miss., who will return receipt. The Capital State Bank has kindly consented to disburse funds to all leading points free of charge.

All communications touching the business of the Board should be addressed to J. B. GAMBRELL, Clinton, Miss.

The Board meeting, November 5th was a very pleasant, and we believe, profitable one. Many important actions were taken looking to the enlargement of the work. Among the most important was the call to prayer elsewhere published. We sincerely trust the suggestion of the Board will be very generally acted on by pastors and churches. The work was found to be a very hopeful condition. It is believed that by New Year's Day we will be in a condition to undertake large things.

CHURCH BUILDING.

Formal action was taken with reference to church building. We now confidently believe that by the opening of the new year, or soon thereafter, we will be in a condition to materially and weak churches in their efforts to build suitable houses of worship.

This is destined to become an important branch of our work. It means more and better churches, better located and in better taste.

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

The offer of the American Baptist Publication Society to furnish Bibles and Testaments for free distribution among the poor was accepted and already a lot has been ordered. Those wishing a supply may send us their orders, giving shipping directions. It must be understood that these are only for those who are not able to pay for them.

COLPORTAGE.

Important steps were taken toward scattering denominational literature broadcast over Mississippi during the present year. It is impossible to estimate the importance of this work. Who can tell the value of a single good tract or book in saving a soul or redeeming a life from waste?

PATIENCE IN WELL-DOING.

The Board is measuring the ground carefully with a view to constructing such a system of benevolent agencies as will meet the wants of every class of our people. This will require time, much thought and great care. Let us not become impatient. We are building now, and the foundations must be laid strong and broad.

We have received from the John Church Company, Cincinnati, O., a copy of their Christmas Selections for 1885. It is a sixteen page pamphlet containing in addition to nine beautiful carols by eminent writers a fine responsive service especially prepared by R. S. Thain. The typographical appearance is in keeping with the excellent contents, the pamphlet being printed in colors on fine tinted paper. The price is 5 cts. a copy, or 50 cts. a dozen, postpaid; \$4 per hundred, by express, not prepaid. Address, The John Church Co., Cincinnati.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY.—For November, makes its appearance promptly at our table, and is as promptly and eagerly claimed by our little folks as good.

It has enough of good stories, good common-sense, instructive talks and pretty pictures to delight the eye folk for a fall month. And it winds up with a merry song of winter birds. If you want to please your little children for the next twelve months, you can do so, by sending \$1.50 to Russell Publishing Company. Thirty-six Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

CHINESE RECORDER.—This interesting magazine comes to us from far-off China. We recognize the handwriting of Elder E. Z. Simmons, on the wrapper. The following is the contents of this number:

I. On recent Apologetic Literature, Rev. J. E. Elkins, D. D.
II. The T. T. of Evolution in Some of its Reasons by Christian Theology.—Rev. John T. Gulick.
III. On a New Version of the Scriptures in Welsh.—R. V. G. F. Fitch.
IV. Corea.—E. H. Parker.
V. Who Were the Fu Lin People.—Rev. J. E. Elkins, D. D.
VI. Poetry: I am Debtors, I am Ready.—Rev. Jonathan Lewis.
VII. Correspondence.
VIII. Echoes from Other Lands.
IX. Our Book Table.
X. Editorial Notes and Missionary News.
XI. Missionary Journal.

Communications.

Lake Com., Oct. 29.

I have just returned from our General Association meeting, where I expected to meet you, but was disappointed. Brother Ray was with us from the Convention.

Well, we had a large, and I hope, a profitable meeting. There was more spirit and fun than usual; we had over \$16.00, and this, together with the success of our missionaries, made us all joyful. The feeling, I think, was universal to "Thank God and take courage." Prof. Davis, who is principal of our school, was present, and made us a speech that seemed to give new life in the way of interest in education. We think the school under his management will succeed finely. In one particular, I believe our troubles have done good, our pace has been quickened thereby, while we must never do evil that good may come, yet the Lord often overrules our errors for good. This, however, makes us no less criminal in His sight. We endorse the Southern Baptist, Baptist Record, Tennessee Baptist, etc. It is just as well to be liberal in these things. We had a good report on education, which had a good word for Mississippi College. You know me because have two planes—the jock and the smooth ones. We aim to jock our boys off at Sylva, and then run over them. Won't this be swell? And if they are not able to get the smoothing they will be the better for having had the rough removed. Indeed, the smoothing does not give real worth to the lumber, it only makes it to be better, and I have no objection to things looking well when it can be without too much importance being attached to it. But in our day the tendency, I fear, is too much to value things merely by their looks, forgetting a thing may look well, and yet be worth very little, while a thing may have less polish and yet be of more value.

My churches have some life. I am trying to lead them in the way of activity. Pray for us.

W. M. THIGPEN.

It is a matter most rejoicing, that our brethren have been able to make such reports of progress, and especially that the way seems opening up for still better things. Brother Thigpen's school illustration is forcible. Work your jock plane on the boys till you get most of the green off, and then let President Webb have a chance at what remains.—Ed.

A Large Cal.

The Rev. H. B. was a Presbyterian minister of a past generation. He had the current idea of the Church that all Gospel ministers must be classically educated, and seemed to think that usefulness depended on it. He was in conversation at dinner once with the Rev. Robert Donnell at a brother's home and Mr. B said something pretty strong about uneducated men preaching. Mr. B was intellectually dull, although he had been to two schools—one classical, the other theological.

When he ceased speaking, Mr. Donnell said: "I once knew a calf that sucked two cows," and then stopped.

Mr. B said: "Well, what of it?"

"Why, nothing," said Mr. Donnell, "only it made a big calf, that's all."—Exchange.

Let this point a moral. If the right kind of men come out of our schools we must see that the right kind are sent to them. Schools cannot make men; they cannot even

Home Circle.

Editorial.

HOMEY TALK.

Looking over a box of little trinkets rendered of intrinsic value by the love of those who gave them, and the memories which clustered around each one, our thoughts were directed to other and better memorials than those which we look away from vulgar touch and gaze as sacred to our fair and beautiful, but frail earth-lovers: memorials which the touch Divine has robbed of any pang of grief.

There is a memorial raised by prayer and alms giving. We are not drawing on imagination or following a cunningly-devised tradition when we rank praying and almsgiving as agents in raising spirit memorials; for the angel gave this message from God to Cornelius: "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial." The motive inciting to prayer and almsgiving was not to raise a memorial, but to serve the Lord. So we, in the most important part of our lives—the unwritten and unrecorded, secret motive—are unconsciously preparing memorials to stand in the very court of heaven, if service to God be the regnant idea. The cup of cold water given to the thirsty negro who hauls a load of wood into the back yard may have in it the essence of Christly service. The prayer for patience to carry one through one's vexations with grace becoming a saint, though wrong from us by a sense of great weakness, is deemed worthy a place among heavenly memorials. The small offering which could be made into the Lord's treasury only by dint of the closest saving, aye, even to the pinching of self, may find its place among these memorials; and why?—not because it was so small, (oh, no; never let us think that smallness recommends an offering to the Lord) but because it was given heartily as unto the Lord, and was all that could be given. These thoughts should strengthen the hands of feeble women and warm their hearts to the work of missions. The enforced smallness of our offering will prevent a spirit of pride and vain glory and we shall feel with a double intensity the necessity of the accompanying of the Divine influence to secure a blessing. We shall look to the work of those we send into the destitute fields to build the memorials of our work.

In that wondrous scene described by John on Patmos, when One was found worthy to open the Book and loose the seals, the sweet odor of the prayers of the saints mingled its perfume with the new song, and the tones of harp celestial. The only prayers that go up to God are enwrought in the heart by the Spirit, but, though the work of the Spirit, they are bottled in heaven as memorials of the poor, feeble saints who send them. It is said that a very humble woman urged Mr. Ocken to go with her husband to prayer meeting and while she tarried at home busied about clearing away the dishes used at supper, she prayed that the meeting might do Mr. Ocken's soul good. Her prayer went up for a memorial before God, and the wonderful sequence of the answer to that prayer is read in the thousands of German Baptists that were given as seeds to the ministry of that great Baptist pioneer in Germany. It is time well spent to let our thoughts dwell upon the many small beginnings made by feeble hands, when under God's blessing have proved the foundations of great works that shall stand as memorials to His praise and glory in the salvation of souls. It is helpful to us in our daily lives to remember that feeble women's hands, in seizing small opportunities of doing good, have influenced men of great talent to take the initial steps in a path of great usefulness. Every hour of each one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year offer at least one opportunity of service which if accepted, will stand among the memorials that shall greet our eyes when faith shall change to sight.

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Communications.

Our Mail.

DEAR MRS. GAMBRELL:—Believing that the ladies of Mississippi feel a lively interest in Mrs. Janie Sanford, of our State, a knowledge of whom makes monthly contributions towards her support, I wish, from time to time, to send you any extracts I may be able to get from her letters and ask you to publish them, that we may all keep up an interest in her work.

She is an efficient, consecrated missionary. Notwithstanding her

recent letter to the RECORD, I enclose two extracts from her postal cards.

"The Hartwell received me with many expressions of joy—like home folks. Many 'welcomes' from the first church people, and the Chinese seemed overjoyed, but I believe I am the happiest of them all."

On her next card she writes: "I have visited a large number of Chinese families to announce my return, and to ask the children to come back to school next Monday. They have seemed almost as glad to see me as you all did when I got home. I am encouraged. I think the day school is going to open well. Hope I have lost no scholars by my absence."

Oh, that I could induce every Christian woman who reads the RECORD to take a personal interest in this woman's mission work, and give systematically and prayerfully to it. Then let us put our little together and we will be surprised to see how much we give. It will encourage us, and others may be influenced to give to this blessed work.

Yours truly,
B. L. K. EDWARDS

Nov. 2nd 1885

Selected.

MISS PATTY'S CHANCE.

BY FLORENCE B. HALL-OWELL.

Mrs. Lakeland did not learn until she was convalescent that her kind nurse had not come from the Bolton hospital. And she could not understand why Miss Patty had been willing to risk her life for a stranger.

"You had never even spoken to me in all your life," she said to the nurse, "and yet you came to me."

"I sympathized with you," said Miss Patty, quickly. "I have always—ever since I first saw you—sympathized with you deeply."

"I want to sympathize," said Mrs. Lakeland. "What can you feel for a stranger? And you have never suffered as I have."

"Probably not," said Miss Patty, going on with her knitting as if unaware of the burning eyes fixed on her so sharply. "We are all apt to think no suffering equal to our own. And though it's easy to preach philosophy and resignation to others, it's not so easy to practice either ourselves. We can hear other folks' sorrow, without groaning, but when it comes to hearing our own we feel the load much heavier. But every back is fitted for its burden, and the Lord knows best when he makes us pass under the rod. I lost my father when I was fifteen, and I thought that had enough, for it broke up our home, and I had to leave school and begin to work for my living. But when I lost the man I was going to marry I felt worse. I nursed him through the small-pox—that's how I got those marks on my face—and I nearly died from it. And of course I wasn't good-looking any more—so he married my cousin. Folks said I was well rid of him, but I couldn't feel that way; you see I loved him. And I didn't blame him much—I was such an object with all those awful marks. And he escaped without me. I took credit to myself for that. But when my mother died—that was trouble. But all that is past now, and I know mother is happier where she is than she would be with me. And I can make a good living by sewing. Patty's a great trouble. There's the mini-ter. What a load he has on his back, and on his heart too."

"All me about it," said Mrs. Lakeland, who was lying quietly back on her pillow.

So Miss Patty told her, and as Mrs. Lakeland listened, she felt her heart stirred as it had not been for years.

"He must be a good man," she said, when Miss Patty's tale was ended. "I didn't like his sermon that time I went to hear him preach. It made me feel wicked, and—well, I never went again. But I didn't know how good he was. I've felt differently since you came here, Patty. Perhaps it's my illness, and perhaps, you've taught me something, Patty."

"You'd find Go! a better teacher," Mrs. Lakeland, if you could only take your sorrows to him."

"He took my darlings from me," said Mrs. Lakeland, bitterly. "How can I think him good or kind?"

"He knew what was best," said Patty, smoothing with one hand the silver hair of her patient, "and who he loved, he chose for me."

"He made my life desolate," said Mrs. Lakeland, in a tone, low voice. A rigid white look had settled on her face.

"He always knows best," said Miss Patty. "We must not ask why he takes from us those who are dear to us; and then she went on to speak of the comfort and consolation found in perfect faith; of the promises held out to

those who mourn; of the blessed reunion with the loved ones who have gone before, when this transitory life is over. So earnestly, so eloquently, and so tenderly did she speak, that long before she finished Mrs. Lakeland was weeping like a child, drenching her pillows with the first tears she had shed for seven long years.

Light had entered at last on the darkness which had enshrouded her. A new hope had blossomed in her desolate heart. Softer feelings had taken possession of her, and Miss Patty felt content to let her lie and think as much as she pleased, feeling sure that the result would be the beginning of a new and better life.

Poor Mrs. Lakeland! She had been near to madness in these long years that she had shut herself up like a hermit. Brought up with out religion to comfort and console her, without hope of a life beyond the grave, without faith in the tender mercy of an all-wise Father, she had had no strength to bear the sorrows which had come upon her. With wild and bitter grief had she cursed herself and her God. Down into the deepest gloom of despair she had gone, where never a single ray of heavenly light or comfort reached her. She thought of her happy and brilliant youth, of its grand hope and promises, and contrasted it with her present desolation and woe. Brooding continually over the loss of her loved ones, she had given the blossom of hope and faith no chance to spring up in her bereaved heart. Morbidly nursing her rebellion against the hand that had stricken her, she sank into deeper depths of despair with every day that passed.

But all was changed now.

"Dear Patty," she said, taking in her white, slender hand the towel one of the little dress-maker "God gave you the chance to help me. He saw how I needed help, and sent you to help me in my hour of need."

Mrs. Cuddy was surprised a few days later to receive a check for a hundred dollars. "It is in de-fraying the expenses of repairing the church,"

But he was still more surprised when Miss Patty told him that Mrs. Lane had been the donor.

Other good things came to the good pastor, too. At the annual donation party which took place in October, and which generally left him little better off except for various pin-cushions, ties and various cases, with which he was already well provided, he was surprised by a check for one hundred dollars, "for his personal use," the note accompanying it said; and little Mrs. Cuddy received a box of dry goods and a basket of groceries which made her fairly cry for joy.

Miss Patty made the most of her "chance," and with gentle force gradually led Mrs. Lakeland into paths of usefulness and beauty, until the bereaved woman learned that there was still work for her hands, still interest for her life, though the voices which had made music in her home were to echo there no more, though the love which had gladdened her heart could never be hers again.

"You're mighty changed from what you used to be, Mrs. Lakeland," said Mrs. Jenkins one day, when the two met in the cottage of a poor laborer whose child was dying. "I used to think you'd never see as how you were wastin' of the goods the Lord had given yer, shuttin' yourself up like a hermit, and refusin' your mite when it was asked. What gave you a different turn now, if I ain't to inquire?"

"An angel came to me," said Mrs. Lakeland, briefly.

Mrs. Jenkins said no more, and she never imagined that the angel in question was the homely, peck-marked little dress-maker of Middleford.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

My Two-Edged.

"Lights out! Lights out!" It was the martial voice of Sergeant Wilcox, making his way among the tents of Company I, to acquaint the raw recruits with the import of the signal known as "taps."

"Lights out!" The voice and the footsteps grew more and more distinct, and then slowly receded, leaving us to darkness and our own reflections.

This was our first night in camp, and we were for the most part strangers to each other, though buddled together in tents of the Sibby pattern, each large enough to shelter a score of men.

There was one of our number, however—a slender blue-eyed boy, whose I had known from childhood, whose name was Frank. He was one of those manly, resolute fellows who habitually do the right thing so naturally and so easily that it always seems as if with them there was no alternative.

With the extinction of the lights the hum of conversation had ceased in our tent.

But presently the silence was

broken by a clear, unflinching: "Boys, I always pray before I go to sleep, and if there is no objection, I'll do so now."

Then followed a prayer, committing home and friends and all of our dearest interests, to the keeping of the one strong hand and loving heart that rules the world. Devout of self-consciousness as Frank was in this act of devotion, you may be sure that the moral courage which prompted him to it, amid such surroundings, did not fail of recognition amongst his comrades.

In after days, when on the toilet-march, they saw Frank's mud-splashed figure plodding patiently at their side, or when, in the dread shock of battle, they beheld that youthful visage begrimed with dust and powder, memory recalled their first night in the far-off camp at Concord. "The boy that prayed," was transfigured before them, and under his smoke-stained features and dusty blouse they discerned a soul of kinship with the martyrs and the saints of old.

Though scathless in fight, Frank fell at last a victim of disease, and it was my lot to accompany his sorrowing mother on the homeward journey, with the body of her heroic son.

In an awkward attempt at consolation, as the train bore us swiftly along, I gave my testimony to Frank's noble character and conduct throughout his army life. At the end of my recital, this Spartan—no, this Christian mother answered, with a smile.

"My boy is safe with One who he always loved and served, wherever he might be. I shall see him again some day, for I know that it is well with him."—G. Alden Days.

Self Control.

The following paragraph is culled from "Mothers in Council":

"One day when I was a very little girl, I was watching my mother make strawberry preserves. I can see the great ke of boiling liquid now, clear as rubies. Beside the stove stood a large milk-pail containing some squash for company's pies, with plenty of milk and eggs in it. Now, Bridget," said my mother at last, in a satisfied tone, "this done, take the ke off."

This was accomplished, and then, with almost incredible stupidity, the 'help' actually emptied the strawberry-ke into the squash! My mother turned her head just too late. She was quick and impulsive, but there escaped from her mouth only a despairing, "Oh, Bridget!" Then as she saw the girl's instantly regretful face, she uttered no angry reproaches, no useless lamentations. No doubt when my tired mother, who was not strong, (I lost her at fifteen), went upstairs to rest she felt disheartened and thought that her preserves and squash, her time and labor, had all been wasted; but probably she never did for me a more valuable morning's work than when she gave me that unconscious lesson in sweet self-control.

"Insanity is said to be increasing to an appalling extent. In some of its forms it is defined as 'an uncontrollable desire' as for stimulants, dysnomia, for acquisition, kleptomania. In how many instances this uncontrollable desire might have been checked by a wise, strong mother in early life. The switch-tender moves the rail on a curve but an inch, and turns the crowded train easily to right or left; but if he allows the locomotive to pass that point not all the strength of man can make the train swerve from the wrong track. The superintendent of one of our largest lunatic asylums has said that the insanity of his patients, in a far larger number of cases than most people dream, is directly traceable to a want of the habit of self-control."

"Mothers little realize, he says, the paramount importance of teaching self-control to children, if they would save them from ending their days in a hospital for the insane."

Will you pardon me if I draw another illustration from my own experience? On the night of the Portland fire, one of the family to which I belonged was dangerously ill with disease of the heart. All realized that any exhibition of fear by us might be fatal to him, and we resolved that no loud, excited voice should be heard in the house. It was wonderful how the necessity for outward self-control steadied and helped the household during that night of terror. Even our servants caught the contagion of calmness and quiet, and worked with a coolness that was amazing, as the household goods were hurriedly packed amid the lurid glare of the rapidly approaching flames and the falling cinders. We thought at the time, as we calmly spoke to one another in low tones, that a single loud cry would have broken the spell and ruined all our plans.

It only every day in our often too hurried and worried lives we

would take but fifteen minutes for retirement for quiet self-reflection and prayer, strength and calmness would surely come to us.

"Keeping close to the sinless One is the only way for human nature to gain and retain self-control, for with His help all things are possible."—Christian Intelligencer

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Railroad Time-table.

Vicksburg & Meridian Railroad

East Bound Trains

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